

This paper was closed up rather uncere-
moniously. Bro. Harrison was expected
back before going to press, and part of the
editorial matter was left out on that ac-
count.

Prof. Garst was taken quite sick from
nervous prostration Sunday morning and
Mrs. Garst was sent for. She came with
their son, Paul, Monday night. Prof.
Garst is much better at the time of going
to press.

Would it help you, Brother pastor, to
work for the introduction of the EVANGEL-
IST into the homes of all your members if
you knew that where it circulates most thor-
oughly that there the ministers are paid
most liberally and promptly? Such are
the facts.

From the Visitor.

PROFANITY.

Profanity is worse than theft or murder.
The latter insults humanity; the former,
God. Examples of God's vengeance:

A man after a Sunday's work in the field,
reaping, and said he had cheated God out
of one Sabbath, was struck by lightning
and killed.

In Margate, England, there is an epitaph
on a tombstone, "This boy was struck
dead while swearing."

In a Pittsburg prison two men were talk-
ing about the Bible and Christianity and
one of them applied a very low epithet to
Christ, and while uttering it he fell dead.

In Sullivan county, N. Y., are eight
tombstones, all alike in one row. In 1861
diphtheria raged in a village and a local
physician was very successful in curing
his patients. In his continued success he
boasted that no case of diphtheria could
stand before him and finally defied Almighty
God to produce a case he could not cure.
Soon after his youngest child took the
disease and died; then another child, and
still another died, until eight of his child-
ren lay in one row in the cemetery, having
died with diphtheria. He challenged the
Almighty God, and God accepted the
challenge.

In 1886 there was a farmer provoked at
the continued drouth and ruin of crops
and in the presence of neighbors he cursed
God, saying he would cut God's heart out
if he would come, calling him a coward
and a liar and flashing a knife. While he
was speaking his lower jaw dropped and
smoke issued from his nostrils, and the
heat of his body was so intense that it
drove back those who came near him.
Scores of people visited the blasphemer in
his awful experience.

Do you think that because God has been
silent in your case, O! profane swearer,
that He is dead? Many more cases could
be named, but physicians suppress them.

The swearing editor refuses to publish his
brother's profanity. Call a halt. Stop
and think, profane man. "A rose and
thistle never grow on the same stem."—P.
R. Wrightsman, M. D.

LITTLENESS.

Littlelessness causes this world a great deal
more trouble than greatness. It is said
that little things make up life. Little things
also destroy life. The Christian Advocate
says speaking of "Little Men and Women:"

"Little things make great trouble. One
reason of this is, there are so many little
people to deal with. A milkman who was
a member of a certain church in the West
took offense at his pastor because his wife
decided to take milk of another man. This
decision was reached because she needed
milk delivered in the morning instead of
the evening; but the dairyman could not en-
dure the mortification, and removed his
membership to another church. A lady
who had for years attended a church where
the sittings were free became greatly an-
noyed because the congregation was large,
and she was frequently crowded out of her
accustomed place of sitting. She was told
that there was abundance of room five min-
utes before the time of beginning service.
But she was habitually late, and refused
to come early. She demanded that her
pew be kept for her until such time as she
saw fit to come. This unreasonable de-
mand being refused, she asked for her cer-
tificate of membership, and went to another
denomination where she had room enough,
no matter how late she might go to church."

The Advocate cites a case of a furniture
dealer who demanded his certificate from
the church because the ladies of the church
had bought pulpit furniture from a rival
house. Such littlelessness as that is all too
common. Persons leave the church for
very trivial causes. One because he is not
given the recognition he thinks he deserves,
another because the minister does not visit
him as often as he thinks he should, or be-
cause he is not called on to pray in public,
or because of some other imaginary slight.

What should be done with such little
people? Be patient with them, treat them
kindly, but as the Advocate says, "should
they attempt to tyrannize they must be
kindly, but firmly resisted; for there is no
despotism more intolerable than that exer-
cised by natures essentially little.—*Religi-
ous Telescope.*

RELIOS.

BY GEORGE EVERETT.

From Home and Country (New York) for April.

A WITHERED flow'r;
A scented rose that once was fair,
You wore it in your golden hair
For one short hour.

A pictured face;
With smiling lips, and eyes of blue,
Reminding me, for aye, of you,
In life's mad race.

A letter torn;
You wrote it in the days of old,
When first to you my love I told
That sunny morn.

A lock of hair;
You gave it me one moonlight night,
I held your hand so soft and white,
You were so fair!

A scented glove
A little soiled, derided by the wise,
I look at it through tear-dimmed eyes—
It once was thine!

And this our fate
God called my darling to the rest
He keeps for those he loves the best—
I only wait.

THE RED RIVER VOYAGEUR.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Out and in the river is winding
The links of its long, red chain,
Through belts of dusky pine-land
And gusty leagues of plain.

Only at times, a smoke-wreath
With the drifting cloud-rack joins—
The smoke of the hunting lodges
Of the wild Assiniboines!

Drearly blows the north wind
From the land of ice and snow;
The eyes that look are weary,
And heavy the hands that row.

And with one foot on the water
And one upon the shore,
The Angel of Shadow gives warning
That day shall be no more.

It is the clang of wild geese,
It is the Indian's yell,
That lends to the voice of the north wind
The tones of a far-off bell!

The voyageur smiles as he listens
To the sound that grows apace;
Well he knows the vesper ringing
Of the bells of St. Boniface.

The bells of the Roman mission
That call from their turrets twain,
To the boatman on the river,
To the hunter on the plain.

Even so in our mortal journey
The bitter north winds blow,
And thus upon life's Red River
Our hearts, as oarsman, row.

And when the Angel of Shadow
Rests his feet on wave and shore,
And our eyes grow dim with watching
And our hearts faint at the oar.

Happy is he who heareth
The signal of his release
In the bells of the Holy City
The chimes of eternal peace.

Selected by L. S. B.